

My Church Life Ended in 1937



Elizabeth Green

FOREWORD

I have read carefully and with great interest the treatise of Elizabeth Green and consider it worthy of publication. The writer now ripe in years still loves the Church, not as it is, but what it should be as the Body of Christ. She writes not so much from research as from her wide experience and vivid memory.

The Anglican Congress held recently at Toronto met not so much in the spirit of boastfulness as in humility, to consider our failings rather than our accomplishments. This is exactly what Elizabeth Green has striven to do in her treatise.

I heartily commend it.

Frederick Hughes

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Winnipeg

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APPRECIATION

To Mrs. J. S. Henderson for
her most willing, able, and in-
terested assistance.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Van
Baalén for the everyday com-
fort and serenity enjoyed as a
guest in their home.

INTRODUCTION

This is to be considered as a homey chat such as we would have while seated at home having a cup of tea. In it there may seem to be that of a trivial nature, and yet, is there anything trivial in life? Wispy straws show the direction of the wind; a look, a word may bring joy or sorrow.

The subject matter deals with the church and the press, my contention being that the latter keeps up the war spirit and the former, with a very few exceptions to date, does not hinder it. In fact there are ministers now asking openly, of all things, for nuclear weapons. Before me, as I write, are four press clippings, one of which, in fairly heavy type, reads:

"Church Minister Would Give Canada Nuclear Arms".

Three others, an Anglican, a Presbyterian and the leading evangelist of the day, are all in agreement.

Until 1937 I was as earnest a devotee of the Christian Church as could be found. In that year it was revealed to me that not only my particular denomination, but all Christendom was no longer worthy of the name Christian Church. Two years later there occurred that which fully affirmed this.

This is plain speaking, but coming from a forthright stock as I do, Scottish and Highland at that, the traits of such are inherent in me, hence the bluntness.

E. G.

CHAPTER ONE



MY CHURCH association began in 1880 in the now historic Old Kildonan Church, the first Presbyterian Church in the Canadian West. My first pastor was the Rev. John Black of most revered memory. This period bridged a span of sixteen years, from five to twenty-one.

It is not always one can look back and put a finger directly on the first memory of church life. Of a number interviewed, including those of the Protestant, Roman Catholic, Jewish faith and Buddhists, the average age was seven years; one of the Jewish faith said that in her home, there being so many close relatives of a high ecclesiastical order (her father being a Rabbi) synagogue and home were so inextricably bound that the synagogue was always part of her life. A Winnipeg-born Chinese woman, whose parents were members of the United Church, recalled her earliest remembrance was of the Sunday School at the age of seven.

My recollection of church affairs is clearly remembered because five years marked an epochal time in my life. It was the closing of one chapter, the daily routine with my parents, brothers and sisters, and the opening of another chapter in my maternal grandmother's home, this having been mutually agreed upon at her request. The first change occurred while I was yet in the infant stage. Change! How true that there is nothing more constant than change.

Early recollections: Seeing the Rev. John Black in the pulpit as an old and very frail man; during his last two years he was declining physically. Seeing the precentor coming to the table at the back of the pulpit and striking his tuning fork. This was followed by an outburst of praise in song, such as has never been excelled, in my estimation, despite the most expensive instruments and trained voices of later years. The memory of that soulful singing still lingers. The congregation remained seated during the singing and stood for prayer.

The Rev. John Black, after coming here as a young man in 1851, devoted the remainder of his life to the shepherding of his Kildonan flock. His death occurred in 1882 and a monument to his memory marks his remains in Old Kildonan cemetery. No doubt there are others still living who can recall seeing the Rev. Black in the pulpit.

Old Kildonan Church has had many pastors since, the next one being Rev. John Pringle, later of Klondyke fame. He was also a beloved pastor — this was shown in my parents' home by the naming of a son after him. After his life in the Klondyke it was a great treat to many of his former Kildonan parishoners to hear him in a Winnipeg Church relate something of his life in the Klondyke; Lake Atlin, if memory serves aright, was his territory. In this man was revealed a 'true servant of God.'

How interesting it was to hear Rev. Pringle tell of the long trek where he carried on his back the same weight as the others; of how, when camping for the night, he shared in all the necessary work, beginning with the felling of trees, for a fire to prepare the necessary food to supply the energy needed to carry on; of how the farther north you went this became more difficult, what trees there were having such shallow roots, and those roots so interlaced that the felling of one could cause an epidemic of falling trees; of how, after supper, man was too exhausted for lengthy spiritual devotion; of how, on arriving at the destination on a Saturday, and finding the only accommodation for a Sunday service was in a saloon; of how, on asking the keeper if Divine Service could be held there the next day; of the look of bewilderment on the saloon keeper's face; of how Mr. Pringle, knowing the thoughts of this man, said "Oh, I know I do not look like a Minister of the Gospel outwardly, but I hope I do inwardly".

Indeed the reverend gentleman must have looked a sorry sight for added to what the long trek, and the heavy-laden pack, would do towards his appearance was the fact that in the clothing depot for outfitting him with suitable clothing for the North, being a tall man he could not get the trousers needed in his length so settled for a pair several inches too short!

Permission to hold the requested service was given at which on the following day a large congregation was present. Their enthusiasm was particularly shown in the worship of praise which Mr. Pringle said was of such volume as almost raised the roof. Thus was exemplified the spiritual hunger of man. We can imagine that in this congregation would be every man who had been on this trek, for Mr. Pringle's action each day was a sermon. He fulfilled what someone has said "show me a sermon, for I'd rather SEE a sermon than hear one any day".

The Rev. Walter Spence followed, and during his incumbency of three years was called on to suffer the tragic loss of his infant son, Walter, who was killed in a traffic accident. A widow at this time had a similar sorrow in the death, at the age of twenty years, of her only son. On this son's tombstone is a verse composed by the Rev. Spence which reads:

"A mother's hope, a sister's pride,
Beloved by all his friends beside,
God loved him too, and thought it best,
To take him home with Him to rest
And now another light is given
To guide our footsteps on towards Heaven."

Anyone visiting the cemetery can still see and read this verse composed by the third pastor of Old Kildonan Church.

The Rev. Walter Spence's incumbency ended in 1889, but even then there was a showing of a more modern way of life. In church circles, this showed up in the more staid, Old Kildonan parishoners criticizing the Rev. Spence for taking part in a musical skit in a concert. To them a minister of the gospel must always be as one set apart. Perhaps the reverend gentleman did overdo it, as to this day a similar performance, on the part of a cleric, cannot be recalled, but personal recollection of this concert recalls how much was added to the selection from this cleric's participation in it.

The Rev. C. D. MacDonald followed with a term of two years. His first text is clearly recalled — "Therefore came I unto you as soon as I was sent for; I ask ye, therefore, for what

intent ye have sent for me". A noteworthy incident related by him in one of his sermons told of his coming to Canada as a youth, and following his custom in Scotland went to Church regularly but after a time, no one having noticed him in any way and feeling lonely, he stopped attending. However, deep-rooted habits are not so easily broken and after a time he decided to go to church and at that service a lady spoke kindly to him, and he said in a sermon in Kildonan Church, "It is because of a Montreal lady speaking kindly to me that I stand before you today".

It was under this pastor that I became a member in full communion in the Presbyterian Church, but later found that there were doctrines in the church to which I could not subscribe. At that time there was no preparatory instruction given, but later by chance a copy of the Westminster Confession of Faith came to my hands. This contains the doctrines of the Presbyterian faith, and therein were some impossible for me to subscribe to, giving me now the guilty feeling of being Presbyterian outwardly but not inwardly. Thus was a dark shadow cast over my church path.

Added to this was an increasing and intense love for the Church of England as it was then called, engendered while yet in my formative years when, in the pew opposite ours, there were visitors who were members of the Church of England. On entering the pew they knelt, arousing in me the thought "that is the right thing to do on entering church". But despite these shadows there was no thought of withdrawal from the Presbyterian Church any more than would be the thought of children leaving a good home when, on arriving at the years of discretion, they found some viewpoints conflicting with their parents. It was also at this time that I read a poem which has made a lasting impression on me, one verse of which I remember after a lapse of over seventy years.

It was in an anthology of American poems: the title is forgotten but the poet imagined Jesus coming to earth in the form He had left it at the age of thirty years. News of His coming

was spread thoroughly. The first country visited would be the United States. Naturally pleasure for the citizens of the city to be visited was keen and especially so as a new church had just been completed a triumph in architecture etc.

When He arrived a delegation went out to meet Him. The meeting and greeting were most happy. Jesus' face beaming with pleasure and anticipation. However, on the return trip to the city they had proceeded but a short distance when the countenance of Jesus changed showing different emotions. — disappointment sorrow even pain. Naturally all in the delegation wondered, knowing there certainly was something amiss, but all felt sure that as soon as the new church was seen which was the first place planned to view, then Jesus' attitude would change.

Strangely enough when Jesus entered the walk leading to the church, instead of looking up at it His head sank to His breast. They could then contain themselves no longer and asked, "what is it Master? We noticed as we were coming into the city that there was something most displeasing to you, something that distressed you, but we felt sure that when you saw this beautiful church erected to the Glory of God and in Thy name that all would be changed." Jesus answered "As I started into the city I began hearing the groans of the oppressed, of the needy the ill the lonely. The nearer I came to the city those groans became louder and more numerous. When I reached this walk I was treading on those people."

Here is a verse recalled which I think was the concluding one.

Have ye founded your churches and alters then
On the bodies and souls of living men
And think ye that religion can endure
Which shelters the noble but crushes the poor?
Away from Me, inasmuch as ye did it not
To one of the least of these ye did it not to Me

It is with sorrow and regret that I tell of a church built to my knowledge in this way. It called for highly skilled workmen in its construction and it happened three brothers had just

arrived from England, who possessed the necessary requirements, so they were soon hired. It was a godsend on both sides — these men being desirous of earning some money. They could have remained in England and been able to have the ordinary necessities of life, to have everything but money, but knowing how Canada offered much to aspiring people, here they came.

This new church construction work would enable them to get started on their land, which was their immediate object. Their services were given but the payment was not forthcoming. A sister who told me the story said, "Had it not been for the wild rabbits, which were in plentiful supply that winter, my brothers might have starved." A sad case of where the laborer was not considered worthy of his hire.

CHAPTER TWO

With the next minister, Rev. William McKusley in charge, came the close of my life in Old Kildonan Church, also in Kildonan the members of the Kildonan household all having passed away, but it is impossible for me to leave this church without further word of it.

On entering the walk of Old Kildonan Church, which still stands, one feels in a different world. The hurly burly of the present world is replaced by a place of serenity, tranquility and peace. Looking at the historic edifice one sees

" . . . the venerable house

Our fathers built to God,

In Heaven above are kept their vows,

Their dust endears the sod "

In the surrounding God's acres are the memorials of those whose dust endears the sod. Here on the right side and near the stone fence lie the remains of the last survivor of the original Selkirk Settlers George Bannerman, the last link in the chain. Right by the walk and near the church on a brown granite monument is the name Sutherland. This marks the resting place of the one who was an elder of the church and superintendent of the Sunday School during my sixteen years in Kildonan. His wife had predeceased him and the inscription, so characteristic of him, reads:

"Her children rise up and call her blessed, her
husband too and he praiseth her "

On the same side of the walk will also be seen the same name, but no relation. There is that of the Honorable John Sutherland the first Senator for the Canadian West. Another memorial to his son the Honorable A. M. Sutherland who was the Attorney General at the time of his death. A little farther on is another brown granite monument which was an object of unusual interest owing to its premature inscription which once amazed a visitor on reading it, as only a month previously the supposedly interred one had been a speaker at a ministerial

gathering. Amazement was further increased on looking up and seeing the reverend gentleman in person standing a few feet away and looking with much satisfaction at this person reading the inscription!

The solution makes an interesting story and is one which shows the frailty of man. The first sign of this frailty was shown at this particular meeting. It turned out that he just could not follow the three simple rules of public speaking: 1. Stand up. 2. Speak up. 3. Shut up. He managed the first two perfectly but the third was an impossibility until an understanding chairman came to the rescue. Thus a great mind had finished its work, and was unable to function normally. We have our little day to give our best and pass on.

The explanation of the premature inscription is that there having been no issue from his marriage (his wife had predeceased him) and not having any of his kin here, his body was to be taken East to the place of his birth. As his record of work here was quite worthy of note, is it not fine to have it related as an inspiration to others to do likewise?

Near the East wall of the church will be seen an old stone to the memory of Samuel Henderson. This stone as explained on it marks an unsolved mystery of the early days. Samuel Henderson left his home in the early morning hours and was never seen nor heard of again. Although a most diligent search had been made. I recall in my grandmother's home how it was told that at customary morning prayer, where a hymn or poetical psalm would finish the devotion, at the back of the Bible there were psalms in verse paraphrase and a very few hymns. (How I wish I had one of those old Bibles now.) On this particular morning Mr. Henderson finished the devotion period by reading one of the few hymns and it seems to have been prophetic:

The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home.
Now oh my Lord let troubles cease
Now let thy servant depart in peace.

On the other side of the walk are many monuments of interest, only two of which will be named here: one for its most unusual epitaph prepared by the interred before her demise. It reads:

At rest Master I have earned it.

The other is one already referred to in mentioning the different pastors in Old Kildonan Church and the inscription with its explanatory verse still quite legible.

To those of us who once worshipped there the old church seems to speak. Looking at the three rows of pews recalls where each family sat. Only one pew is still occupied by descendants of the original family, two of whom are left. With their passing will come the severance of the last link of the Church chain as regards seating.

Outside this hallowed place one returns to what has been called the 'rat race'. We are back in the unbalanced world where the material so vastly outweighs the spiritual that the result is the strain and stress of today. The fleeting things of life being given as the main reason for today's tempo, which we are told is being felt even by dogs.

My removal from Kildonan necessitated an exchange of membership to another church. There was also ahead of me a two-year course of study to expand my chosen vocation of teaching, and so it was back to the parental home after sixteen years. Thus began a new chapter of two years' duration and now, my church membership needing transferring, I thought what a joy it will be to transfer to the Church of England. However on mentioning this to my mother she expressed disapproval of members of the family belonging to different denominations. That settled it. Only one sentence was spoken on either side and accordingly my membership was changed to my mother's Presbyterian Church.

Of this period of my life there is little to tell as study absorbed full time, so beyond regular church attendance twice a day (people were twicers then) there are just one or two things worthy of note. One is that a very close friend and myself made

a point of going to our own church in the morning and visiting a church of another denomination in the evening visiting those of different faiths — Protestant Roman Catholic and Jewish

From personal knowledge this practice is regarded as being highly commendable, as in each place visited we saw the same characteristics each worshipping reverently and devoutly in the faith of their fathers. Very beautiful indeed it is. Years later when visiting a Hindu Temple in Vancouver the same spirit was found, while not a word could be understood, a similar spirit was evident. This was a beautiful experience worshipping fully in spirit with fellow men.

There was one incident during these two years which is worthy of recording and that is what occurred in a Presbyterian Church my friend was Anglican therefore a Presbyterian Church was on her visiting list. At this service there was a visiting minister who was unique in that he did not have the usual education and training of a Presbyterian minister. Instead, he had that necessary spark which enabled him to become a minister in full ordination. The incumbent minister took pains to explain the unusual facts, then the visitor preached a soul-stirring sermon and finished by saying "Your pastor will now lead us in prayer" the pastor remained seated and said "The choir will now sing." Thus a fire, which had been lit, was as suddenly quenched.

Not to be misunderstood, this casts no reflection on the choir, that devoted body of men and women who gave of their time and God given talent to enrich a Divine Service but is definitely a reflection on the minister. The congregation which would have gone out refreshed and uplifted left depressed — something was incomplete. This situation was reminiscent of a small boy who got his Bible texts mixed and said, "A lie is an abomination unto the Lord but a very present help in time of trouble." In this case it was "Organized religion may be an abomination to many, but can be a very present help to hide a vacuum in the soul."

CHAPTER THREE

Following a two-year intensive study course came the teaching period when church life consisted of attendance at Church both morning and evening service a Sunday School class and always a Wednesday night prayer meeting. A man where I boarded said to me 'you go to Church twice on Sunday why go to prayer meeting?' My reply was, 'you eat a meal in the morning and one in the evening why one at noon?'

Of the ministers during my teaching career the one who stands out most prominently is the Rev. George W. Faryon. It is recalled how very carefully prepared were all his discourses, whether in Church service or a small house prayer meeting, all as carefully prepared and delivered as if to be given to a large audience of quite important people.

An incident with a comical twist comes to mind, how we then in Langlade (near Dominion City) went to particular pains to do something special. Divine service was held in the school-house where I taught for three years. With the willing help of the school children all was always thoroughly swept and dusted ready for the Sunday service even to washing the blackboards (they were black then). But for this particular Sunday we had an organ brought in and had a simple anthem prepared for which there were several very fine singers among them some especially good male voices. The Rev. Faryon preached his usual thoughtful and well-prepared sermon but so carried away did he get that he went beyond the usual time so on finishing he immediately pronounced the benediction.

What disappointment followed that omission! I boarded at the home of an Irishman who was one of the disappointed singers, and possessing the characteristics of that race to the nth degree his wrath was expressed in no uncertain terms. The expressions he used about the reverend gentleman are best left unsaid.

When Rev Paryon was unable through the infirmities of age, to continue pastoral work he carried on in his limited way by visiting the sick the lonely bringing a word of cheer where needed. The last I saw of him was on Portage Avenue when a friend remarked there is Mr Paryon on the other side. Yes there he was, going no doubt on an errand of mercy, shuffling along as best he could his feet having given him trouble throughout his declining years. At Newbridge Church, near Dominion City, stands a fine monument to his memory. The first service was held there on November 22nd 1899 and from then on there were no more services in Langside School.

The fiftieth anniversary at Newbridge was fittingly celebrated on November 22nd 1949. The Church historian contacted me to see what I could remember of the opening service. There was recollection of having played the organ but when she reminded me that I was also the choir leader my merriment knew no bounds for by no stretch of the imagination could I think of myself as ever being a choir leader. However is that not common to all when we reach old age and are reminded of something done in earlier years that seems incredible now.

The following is quoted from the annals of the Church

Early in the summer building operations began and anyone who could wield a hammer or saw haul a load of stones or lumber was assigned a task. James Duncan, a carpenter directed the framework and other structure of the building, while Mr Paryon who had served an apprenticeship as cabinet maker in the Old Land, superintended the interior finishing, constructing door and window facings, assisted with the painting and fashioned the pulpit. By autumn the church was completed. To use Mr Paryon's own words it was painted and paid for. The dedicatory service was conducted by Rev A. B. Baird, then Professor of Manitoba College. A choir organized and directed by Miss Elizabeth McPhail, (now Mrs George Green of Winnipeg) led in the service of praise. Mr and Mrs J. B. Smith loaned their organ for the occasion.

The disappointed singers in Langside School finally had an opportunity and in a more elaborate anthem, to give an account of to their musical talent.

It is interesting to note that at the first Annual Meeting held on February 12th 1900 the treasurer of the building fund reported the total cost of the building \$699.22. Money had been raised for the purchase of an organ and a committee had been appointed to select a suitable instrument.

For the fiftieth anniversary it was natural that I looked forward to attending it but unfortunately, was ill at the time and in Misericordia Hospital. To me a hospital is one of the most interesting and wonderful places in fact it is a world in itself. Who has ever been in a hospital for any length of time without meeting interesting people? I was in a four-bed ward and one of the patients had lived in the Bahamas when Edward Duke of Windsor was Governor. Her father was a horticulturist and always in passing her home there the Duke would stay to admire the flowers and have a chat with her father. On Edward's birthday her father asked her to take a bouquet to him. We patients were all ears listening to her tell of the exceeding graciousness of her reception and the acceptance of the flowers. A talk on Edward naturally followed my contribution to which was of telling how when Prince of Wales he had been asked what do you think of civilization to which he replied — "I think it would be a fine thing why doesn't someone start it?" High points in his life were discussed finishing with what influence one woman may exert on a man's life.

Another fine and interesting point in hospital life — you so soon get to know each other and become interested in each one's affairs. All three patients in the ward knew of the fiftieth anniversary and they were equally anxious and hoping as I was myself that my recovery would come in time for my attendance at it. Judge then my surprise when the husband of the former Bahamas citizen came to see her and directly on entering said, "Oh you didn't get going!" There was so much disappointment expressed in the tone of his voice that it set up a

whole loss of thought in my mind such as how much we fellow mortals mean to each other when we get to know ourselves as individuals with individual interests, etc.

How easy it would be to have an understanding world if we but exchanged people instead of planning the most deadly weapons. The stupidity of it all to say nothing else is baffling. Any wonder the late George Bernard Shaw said that this planet is the lunatic asylum of the universe. Even a thirteen year old girl wrote 'The older generation in selfishness and stupidity is bringing us every day closer to complete destruction. Out of the mouths of babes.' How different would life be could we get to know each other better? Can this be accomplished through weapons to kill our fellowmen?

Here may I pay a belated tribute to the Winnipeg General Hospital where my husband passed away in 1931. He is now gone longer than I knew him. This tribute I felt so much like paying then can be summed up in what I said to him. If you were King George instead of plain George they could not be more solicitous about you. The words of the head nurse when the end came 'we wonder what it's all about' is certainly applicable today. Why this confusion 'this mad pace' resulting in many cases in unnatural endings to life? According to a coroner's report four years ago they were averaging one a day in Winnipeg. Man now is more like a robot than a being with God-given brains and after all the mad pace is for the things that perish — so much being done at the expense of the soul!

Aboard ship too people are thrown together closely. It is in effect a small world of its own so that passengers become quite interested in their fellow shipmates they even get quite curious and perhaps gossip. On my one trip overseas in 1937 those of us who had cliqued together had pretty well sized up the different passengers except for a man we could not determine where he came from. Finally one said, 'Oh, I am sure he is Canadian he has that well-fed look.'

Even then in the periods known as the hungry thirties was Canada abundantly blessed. Yet sad to say, in a land teeming

with resources, rich in man power, was there great need, many lacking the necessities of life. Wasn't that a travesty on the Government the national housekeeper? Actually housekeeping is the work of the Government and similar rules apply in the national housekeeping as in the domestic the ONLY difference being the scale of operation.

The duty of the good housekeeper is to see that ALL her children have the necessary requirements — proper food proper education to fit each one for life, the choosing of the vocation for which he or she is adapted the training for such, and the waiting niche for them when ready. Al! this is dealing with the material side of life but proper education is a fourfold project — the developing of the intellectual, the physical the moral and the spiritual well-being of individuals.

Nothing better assists the study of life than the art of weaving. Just as every thread contributes to the perfection of the whole, so in our national housekeeping every member must be so brought up as to ensure a pleasant pattern. Too idealistic? Certainly not for the domestic home nor should it be for the national scene. It is up to Canada to set the pace, the eyes of the world look to this country. May we ever be worthy of it!

CHAPTER FOUR

My school teaching career ended in February 1904 when my marriage to George Green of Newboro Ontario was solemnized. That last word is correctly used because when we were driving away to go to our new home in Dominion City my husband remarked, "that was just as a sacrament to me" which of course is what a marriage service should be. It is with satisfaction and gratitude that I mention this as showing we had begun our new life together on a solid foundation.

My husband was an Anglican. We had of course previously discussed our religious differences as outwardly I was still a Presbyterian in accordance with my mother's wish. However I now felt free to follow my own dictates. In discussing which Church it would be my husband was quite magnanimous and said if I had any objection to joining the Anglican Church then he would join the Presbyterians. He knew of my love for the Church of England and although he said he would join the Presbyterian Church I still have my doubts. On Christmas Day of 1904 I was confirmed by the late Archbishop Matheson, a small class, with three others of whom I am the only one left.

This raises the matter of my having remained Presbyterian to please my mother. Adverse criticism may be made on my decision. This brings up the important question of whether religion or Christianity is the main consideration. Religion and Christianity may be two distinct things — like if they are one — but as is well known a person may be deeply religious but utterly devoid of Christianity. So in the case of my decision it depends from which point it is considered. Suffice it is for me to say that nothing in life has given me more satisfaction than knowing of thus pleasing my mother. In this decision Christianity came first religion second.

— At the close of the confirmation service there was a brief gathering and His Grace on shaking hands with my husband, said, Mr Green I want to tell you you are the most wonderful man I have ever met. All were too astonished at this to make

any reply so His Grace repeated the same words, adding "to think of a Kildonan Presbyterian turning Church of England?" I replied. Your Grace there is no credit coming to Mr. Green, for I have always had a deep love for the Church of England.

So began my life in my beloved Church to which all time apart from household duties, was given until there was a sudden and shocking revelation of there being something wrong. While this was revealed to me first in my own beloved Church, later was it realized there was something wrong throughout the world, including almost all Christian faiths.

In the meantime all was perfect in my estimation and in our eight-year residence in Dominion City there was beyond the Church services the Sunday School work, the Women's Auxiliary, also the Girls Branch of the W. A. Church work was not confined to the Church of England but extended to a most interesting class of teen-age boys in the Presbyterian Church and even to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. Thus my church activity embraced all the Churches in Dominion City.

Let me explain how this came about. In the Methodist Church the former secretary of the Missionary Society had moved away and there not being anyone willing to take the office the minister's wife asked me if I would help out. My first thought was it would be unseemly to work in three churches, but second thought changed the refusal to acceptance of the office for after all was not the work one even though called by different names? It was again a case of Christianity first.

This recalls the story of a little girl who was puzzled because she heard the Amen pronounced differently. When told there was no difference in the meaning that usually Methodists used one pronunciation, Anglicans another she finished her bedside prayer with both pronunciations! On being asked why she said she did not know which Jesus is. Again out of the mouths of babes.

For activity in the Presbyterian Church it was but natural that I retained interest in it as during my former five years

teaching in Dominion City, and district my activity had solely been in that denomination. It was therefore a delight a short time ago to have had one of my boys from this class come to see me; 51 years had passed since we had seen one another. He still lives in Dominion City. Should any other members of that class read this, I hope they will also come and see me.

In the Methodist Missionary Society an incident occurred which will not be related here, but the important thought it brought up is worthy of being related. It concerns the work of that great African missionary, Stanley Jones and perhaps more directly his secretary. On their coming to America, the secretary was most anxious to meet a woman in Boston, who had shown exceeding interest in the work in Africa. She evidently was a wealthy person as she had endowed a school or college there. No time was lost when in Boston to get in touch with her, but it was not many minutes before the secretary found out that this particular person was an object for missionary work herself. She would do much for Africans in Africa but would scorn to look at one on her home street.

CHAPTER FIVE

During our stay of eight years in Dominion City we were in close touch with all the Methodist ministers in fact on such friendly terms that mention must be made of them here. The one in charge when we took up residence there was the Rev. Mr. Howarth, but died shortly after a victim of that terrible scourge cancer. Clearly do I recall his saying to me while still able to be around that he had rigidly followed the prescribed monotonous diet but one day there came an overwhelming desire to 'eat everything'. To quote his own words, "I therefore decided to have a real blowout, but this resulted in such pain that never again was there indulgence of that nature."

This brings us to the important business of eating, one of the great pleasures on life's journey. As an English Master, the late J. C. Saul said to us in the old Winnipeg Collegiate corner of William and Kate streets, even in literature we like to read about eating. Also a visiting minister from England said in a sermon in Knox Church here, "now do not think I speak irreverently but if God were a Scotsman and our food consisted of oatmeal, or if our bodies were fitted so that our sustenance could be taken through a tube, how much pleasure we have now would be lost."

Ironically we are given such a variety of foods, and the capacity to enjoy them, it is one of the saddest things of our time to know that so many in other parts of the world are being deprived of this abundance. Surely surely it is for each one of us to help our church and political leaders to correct affairs and see that ALL God's earthly family are fed, so that the problem of how to get the necessities of life will be solved. Plenty is being provided for all just as the manna was supplied during the forty years in the wilderness, it is for us to see to the distribution.

To return from this digression to the Dominion City Methodist ministers. The Rev. Howarth was succeeded by Rev. Taylor who, many years later, with Mrs. Taylor met a tragic death.

when both were killed at a level crossing. From a drive I once had with Mr Taylor I can imagine how this happened. Mrs Taylor after the birth of their first child was unable to carry on with the usual household duties and knowing of this and that Mr Taylor had to be away for a whole day my husband and I agreed that I should go and help out as I was quite free to do so then not yet having any children of our own. All that is remembered of the day is doing some ironing and preparing a good dinner for Mr Taylor's return. I recall that for the desert Mrs Taylor suggested rice with lots of currants, that special way being his favorite. At the dinner appreciation was expressed but especially for the rice with lots of currants. Oh yes, men are just grown-up boys.

By way of appreciation for my help for this small service, Mr Taylor took me one Sunday to his different appointments in the country. On the way Mr Taylor said you may have a lonely drive because as I drive along I get lost in thoughts. Quite likely he was in one of his thoughtful moods at the time of the tragedy and so was unaware of the approaching train.

Before leaving the Taylors I must mention that the first tragedy heard of in my early years concerned a Taylor family parents and children meeting death in the burning of their home at Meadow Lea. This happened before I could read as I recall asking my aunt to read a poem which appeared in the paper likely the Norwester. I regret now that I did not think of this when I knew the Dominion City Taylors, but I have a feeling they were of the same stock. Wonder if this will catch the eye of any descendant of the family who can confirm this?

Next among the Methodist ministers came the Rev. Morrow and the irrepressible Mrs Morrow. They were expecting their first child and Mrs Morrow said to me if it be a boy he will be named George Edward, but if a girl Dinah Adela and there will be my sentiments too. The arrival was a GEM.

Following the Morrrows were very dear friends in Mr and Mrs Smith. There were two things Mrs. Smith and I had in common we each had two boys pre-school age and we each

seemed to lack the average amount of strength. We felt this way more days than not, often asking ourselves how we could put in the day.

It has been my wonderful privilege to put in many days since then. 'The uncertainties of life.' My husband, one of the strongest of men gone since 1931 while I am still here, approaching 89 years of age. Although now having a physical ailment, it is through medical skill being kept so arrested that there is every probability I shall live as long with it as without it. With the Rev. and Mrs. Smith in charge in Dominion City when we left there comes an end to pleasant memories with all the Methodist ministers during our time as with my own Church and the Presbyterian.

We had no resident Anglican clergyman in the town and it was always an evening service on Sundays the clergyman coming in time for evening service and remaining overnight. Our residence was the cleric's home for the night. Among the different ones coming to officiate were Canon Phair and his father Archdeacon Phair. The former was the one who baptized our two eldest sons. He was lost on the Lusitania when going over to join his family in England who had been on a visit to their home-land, and would return to Winnipeg with them. The reunion on earth was not to be.

His father is remembered particularly as intriguing me so much in the retiring prayer in our home when at the close he used the word 'buoyancy' with a short syllable after. He was a fairly frequent visitor in our home under the circumstances and always came this word 'buoyancy' but finally my Scottish mind worked and it suddenly came to me the intriguing word was not one word but three, God bless our dear boy in Ceylon.

We always considered it one of our very great privileges and pleasure to have one of these special ambassadors for Christ in our home. I say special because each member of the Christian faith should be an ambassador.

This recalls my reading while yet in the childish stage
There are men who through the lack of money are sawing
wood when they should be in the pulpit and there are men
who though having the money are in the pulpit when they
should be sawing wood!"

Something which puzzled me very much after I left Kildonan
was when a minister would be spoken of lightly, even criticized.
In Kildonan we at least in my home would no more think of
criticizing our minister than criticizing God. Mentioning my
puzzlement one day to the Principal of the school where I taught,
the late Mr D. Iverach (who later became Rev. D. Iverach)
he explained this by saying that under the Kildonan ministers as
I had been they were ones who were worthy of respect and
reverence, but it is not always so he added. We had one ex-
ample of this not many years ago when an article in the press
was headed Shopping Around and the content was of a minis-
ter considering applying for a church vacancy but first asking
a few questions, only two of which I remember — Is there a
car provided and how much is the Christmas collection in this
church? the custom being to give this collection to the minister.

During our Dominion City residence Katherine Robbins
came into my life and it was a great pleasure and privilege to
have her in my home for a brief visit before she left as a mis-
sionary to the province of Honan China. When she returned
for her first furlough our residence had changed to Beauséjour
and there again was that pleasure repeated of having her again
for a brief visit during which she gave an inspiring and most
interesting talk to our W. A. S. and Girls Branch.

CHAPTER SIX

Early in 1912 our life in Dominion City changed to residence in Vancouver where we became members of St. George's Church with the Rev. M. H. Jackson in charge. A warm welcome to the Women's Auxiliary was given to this Manitoban who felt as much at home in the new province as in the old one of Manitoba where my ancestors were among those whose presence helped decide the boundary line between Canada and the United States. It was during our third Sunday in Vancouver that the world was rocked with the news of that great sea disaster, the sinking of what was considered to be the unsinkable Titanic. The service that Sunday morning conducted by Rev. Mr. Jackson was most impressive, the hymns sung being those played by the band during the disaster.

A pleasant experience, albeit one that might have ended disastrously, was a picnic at Indian River. This was for the Sunday School staff and as it meant our going by boat, all was really thrilling to me, coming from the prairie region, and also as having a great love for water travel. Added interest was the fact of our being in a homemade launch, this one made by the man now captaining it, a retired seaman. We were well along on our short voyage when a larger craft whizzed past us. Then occurred something amusing when we, to the consternation of the steamer passengers, whizzed past them. The reason — a large floating tree had got caught lengthwise across their bow. In a short time its removal had us overtaken again.

Not long afterwards our light heartedness was changed to one of distress, our launch having struck a sharp hidden object which ripped a hole and water now was seeping in. In this present case no one could help but feel there was cause for alarm, which showed more or less in every face. The teacher seated next to me, on noticing the general expression remarked: "They say drowning is an easy death." This was really said casually as if why worry when this particular end to life is easy. Well, talk of mixed feelings, such were certainly mine. Left behind was my husband and two small sons still in the pre-school age.

The other married women of the Sunday School staff had their husbands along, and vice versa. In my case it was "am I to see my family again?"

However skilled hands at work enabled us to reach Indian River in safety where a most pleasant afternoon was spent. What a genuine treat it is to have such pleasant memories to relive when you are in the evening of your life, and memories play such a large part. At this picnic when supper time came there was a little problem as to where to set the table — in the shady spot nearby or in the sun. It had been a hot day and the sun was still shining with such intensity as to make it uncomfortable if we had supper other than in the shade, but a few moments in the shade showed it far too cool to have it there, hence in the sun it would be. The men returned from their sight-seeing promptly at supper time. The first question asked in amazement was 'why not have supper in the shade?' — so they were told to go there for a few moments and they would know.

The pleasant day ended in an equally pleasant voyage on the return trip. There were no qualms felt about reboarding as all had full faith in 'our crew' and knew that a man who could build a boat could thoroughly repair any damage.

Why is the above seemingly insignificant incident told? For two reasons. This account is to be considered as a chat and is told because of the wish to share with you one of life's pleasant little memories and secondly because of the pleasure having emanated from the Church. Church work can fulfill every requirement in life. According to an article in Maclean's magazine quite a while ago this is fully exemplified in the Mormon Church in Cardston, Alberta, the church there being the centre of ALL phases of life.

Before closing this chapter of my brief church life in Vancouver I would herein pay tribute to the Rev. M. H. Jackson as one of many Anglican clergymen who have entered my life to its enrichment.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Life in St. George's Church, Vancouver lasted all too briefly and brought about the parting of many new friends, but is not that so of life — a succession of meeting and parting? Mid-summer 1912 saw us in Beausejour, Manitoba for a sojourn of twelve years. Being then in the prime of life, my church life was a fully active one. Beyond the regular Sunday services, there was the Senior Women's Auxiliary with the President, the late Mrs. Howland, who, with her husband the late H. Howland, were staunch pillars in Anglican circles. A Girls' Branch of the Auxiliary was formed, which it was my privilege and pleasure to lead.

Two students of very great interest to them were the life of Rev. Mr. Peck who labored for so many years with the Eskimos, of equal interest was the life of Mary Slessor of African fame, and of Katharine Robbins of Honan, China. Besides study, excellent bakes were sent to our Indians in the north and an interesting correspondence kept up with a girl student, Mary Simon, in a missionary school. These girls also formed part of a Junior Bible Class. Their keen interest and enthusiasm in each lesson is a delight to recall. It would be impossible for any reader to be a failure with such excellent material on which to work. From time to time we would have the very great pleasure of having the Rev. W. H. Thomas (later the Bishop of the newly formed Diocese of Brandon) then the Rector in the Selkirk Anglican Church.

An amusing homey incident comes to mind of once when he came to Beausejour to hold a vestry meeting. This had to be in the Church, there being no parish hall, and as it was a cold evening in the fall, they became so chilled that my husband suggested they come over to our home where, with warmth, coffee and some refreshment, they were soon comfortable. I happened to have some drop cakes on hand, just to Mr. Thomas' taste which he referred to as 'little buns.'

Quite a while later, at a large social Anglican gathering in

Winnipeg. I was not aware of Mr Thomas being present until there was a finger pressed on my shoulder and a voice in my ear said "have you any of those little buns?" And, so even a cleric is shown at times to be just a grown-up boy. Is the above going to be dismissed as a trivial thing? — as not worthy of the telling? As stated in my introduction, is there anything trivial in life? Did not the One we profess to follow show interest in the ordinary affairs of everyday affairs? Is anything that makes you better known to your fellow man trivial? I say an emphatic NO. Is it following in His steps for a minister today to not actually know some of his flock? Jesus said, "I know my sheep and am known of mine." In the Bible is the promise that every one of us may have a relationship in God.

It is the lack of understanding of our fellowmen that is keeping us apart. Every act every word has a bearing on something else.

On one occasion when Mr Thomas came for the Sunday services, I said to him that I did not know if it really gave me pleasure when word came that he would be with us on the Sunday for my alert class were quite satisfied with me, until he came. The deserved adoration in which he was held by all of us who knew him was fully attested by a former member of this class in a recent telephone talk when on mention of Mr Thomas, her tone of voice confirmed what has been written here. What a blessing to feel and know that such characters, though dead, still live. Dear departed Bishop Thomas in this is expressed a loving tribute to the memory of a great soul.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Life in Beauséjour ended in April 1924 when we left not only Manitoba but Canada going to Eureka California. This sojourn as in Vancouver was of short duration and started as previously with immediate association with the church. The name of the Church and Rector is forgotten, but activity was not owing to the serious illness of two members of the family Grandma Green from San Francisco who had come to live with us and also my eldest son, both soon being taken to hospital with little hope for the life of either one. The medical doctor in attendance said to me that in the case of Grandma Green there was no chance, but that in the case of my son on the threshold of life, said we will fight for his life with all our might. With my sister-in-law Mildred Green, daughter and aunt of the patients as the hospital matron there was assurance of every care.

It does not seem right for me to add that last sentence because from my experience of hospital life every patient irrespective of relatives or nationality can have that assurance. Both mother-in-law and son recovered after a few weeks.

While they were convalescing time was taken up in daily visits until the wife of the Rector came to our house and said "Your every day is taken up with going to the hospital, but I have come to ask you to take a break for one day and come to our W. A. Annual Meeting. Of course I accepted this kindly and thoughtful invitation — how lovely it is to know that kind and thoughtful hearts are beating on every side."

This meeting was most interesting and particularly to hear so much of their work in Alaska which made me think — "Why did Russia not give Canada a chance to buy it?" but that is all water under the bridge now. During the social hour which followed, my having been welcomed and introduced as a Canadian, a lady immediately came over and sat beside me saying she was from New Brunswick. What a tie that at once made!

While we know that now we have to consider ourselves as world citizens, which means we have to think internationally instead of nationally still there is something in one's birthplace being dear to all and this in no way takes away from being a good internationalist. As one writer expressed it, to be a good internationalist you must be a good nationalist. An individual, to be a good citizen must be a good member of the family.

A pleasant chat followed and an amusing incident occurred when my cup was handed to me. We all know how Americans can make such a good cup of coffee, but are equally poor about tea. What was in my cup looked like hot water, so I said "I take tea." I was curtly informed "this is tea." It was green tea which has the appearance of water!

There are times when in the life of each one a break is needed, and how helpful it is to have a 'ministering angel' appear at such a time. There are those who have something of a canny instinct to know where help is needed, and so this Rector's wife came to me when needed although forgotten in name she remains in memory as a friend, a ministering angel. May each one of us be able to leave such memories!

CHAPTER NINE

Now the time approached for a final family move. The change of residence was to good old Winnipeg where two of my ancestors came and so were among those who unwittingly helped hold this part of the continent as British territory.

How interesting it is to think of Elizabeth (Betty) McKay already referred to, born in Caithness, Scotland, and Ulric Kauffman, born in the Canton of Berne in Switzerland, at a time when transportation was so limited, meeting in the heart of this continent. These two people became my maternal grandparents. My grandfather's death occurred before I was born. My grandmother came here in 1815 via the Hudson Bay, the little boat setting sail just as the Battle of Waterloo ended. My grandfather came via Montreal and had been in that battle, arriving with Lord Selkirk in 1817. This seems a case of truth again being stranger than fiction, the fact of a little girl leaving the land of her birth at that particular time, and later marrying one who had been in the battle, as one of Napoleon's Swiss bodyguards.

Ulric Kauffman's life was an unusually strange one in this way that when in his teens he was peremptorily taken by two French recruiting officers and forced to serve in the French army. As the story was told to me he was returning to his home then in Berlin, Germany, and when nearing it saw two men loitering at the gate. At his approach they just took him. He was not given time to say farewell to his parents, but a little lame sister named Barbara, who was in the yard, ran to him and kissed him as he was being led away. That was the last he ever saw or heard of his kin. After his marriage the first daughter was named Barbara, who years later became Mrs. Malcolm Patterson and whose home was in Kildonan, where stands today the Knowles School for Boys.

So to Winnipeg where family roots were so deeply planted we came and as always made immediate contact with the church, ours being All Saints. There followed thirteen years of

joyous activity. Besides the regular Sunday services there was the W. A. with its President the late Mrs. Alder followed by the late Mrs. Dennistoun. What beautiful memories are recalled at the mention of these names. One is of Mrs. Alder visiting our branch (she had taken up residence in Oak Lake) on a return trip from the States and telling of having attended a service in New York in a church called The Church of the Heavenly Rest and commenting on how fine she thought that name. It has since become familiar through a former All Saints parishoner the Rev. Burton Thomas now being the pastor there.

Besides activity in the W. A. of which later it was my privilege to be president for a time there was first a Sunday School class of girls, then later charge of the Primary Sunday School. One of the Primary Sunday School teachers is now living in New York City and we still keep in touch through correspondence, the last word from her being the sending of the announcement of her daughter's recent marriage.

Also, it was my great, great privilege to be leader of the Boys' Masonary Club, the name later changed to Church Boys' League. This afforded much pleasure because to me a boy is wonderful. Take the loyalty of a boy for example. Personal experience has proven that when you have been in touch with a boy in some capacity for him to really know you and if he knows you to be on the level, a bond is forged between you that only death will sever.

In this Club there were three members who are now in Holy Orders. The two eldest sons of the Right Reverend H. R. Ragg, the eldest in England, I understand occupying a high position in the ecclesiastical world and the second Rector in the Bishop Crobyn Memorial Church in London, Ontario. The third member in Holy Orders is the Rev. Dean Harrison of St. John's College. The careers of others are not known to me but Linton Melihagga is remembered as one who delighted all with his rendition of poems of Captain John Antle of Pacific Coast fame, Captain Antle so much beloved by the boys and of whose work much has been written. His work is an epic in church history.

The lamp on the pulpit in All Saints' Church is a gift from the Boys' Club and is so inscribed. They felt they would like to do something for their church and decided on the giving of the lamp. I do not recall how the money was raised. It was such a pleasure to have had a recent visit from one of the members of this Boys' Club, who is now the Rev. Dean Harrison of St. John's Cathedral.

Speaking of work with boys, it also gives me great pleasure to pay tribute to the work going on today at St. John's Cathedral School by Ted Byfield and staff. Here is where race, creed, or color is of no account. All that is necessary is to be a boy within the prescribed ages. To each one concerned in the work of this school, no matter how insignificant some may seem to be, is equal honor due, and may we all do our part in giving the necessary support and help in this undertaking of which there is none greater, is a nation's life. The following will be most applicable to every worker:

"When at last life's work is ended,
May we have a thrill of pleasure
As we watch the setting sun,
May we have the satisfaction
Of a work well done."

Rector on our becoming members of All Saints' Church was the late Rev. Canon Loucks, who later went to Toronto. He was a much beloved rector and among other fine qualities is remembered for his ever-ready wit which came to the fore very much during the farewell social evening, albeit the regret of parting with him. What a redeeming feature it is to have that sense of humor!

A story told at this farewell social was so characteristic of Canon Loucks that it must be told here. One evening a man called at the Rectory with a hard-luck story, the details which were most convincing will be skipped, but his kit of carpenter tools would arrive the next morning and he had not the money necessary to get them. Canon Loucks told him he would be at

the Railway station and have the money. The morning it was mid-winter was a real Manitoba snapper but Canon Loucks was there on time but the one with the hard-luck story failed to appear. Possibly the same day Canon Loucks in talking to a brother cleric, heard from the latter about the same hard-luck story man approaching him. Canon Loucks asked 'what did you do' and he said, 'I gave him the money'.

There was also the amusing case of the small boy pretending now to be a man recalling his youthful memories, when he sang

'I never had any money,
But sure had lots of fun.'

Being sung to an audience of whom some were big financiers of Canada added to the enjoyment and none enjoyed it more than these same men of high finance.

Canon Loucks was succeeded by the Rev. H. R. Ragg, now retired, and living in Vancouver. He entered so fully into my life through having been such a perfect support during the illness and death of my husband in 1931. When I say that he was a full support, no other words are necessary. In expressing my appreciation to him during the time of stress, he said that of all his ministerial duties he considered the first of importance was attention to the sick and the bereaved. The Right Rev. H. R. Ragg is thus indelibly inscribed in my memory.

The late Canon Askey was the next in succession and was one with whom I was so closely associated that even when away the association was kept up through correspondence. In my possession now are letters from him the subject matter being the problems of the church, the Christian Church sanctioning the method of war, to which I could not subscribe, and which finally resulted in my break with my former joyous church life. The word joyous is used because apart from my home and family my church life was truly my real joy.

CHAPTER TEN

But now comes my last unalloyed joy and pleasure in the church. The occasion was a breakfast of the Anglican Clergy in All Saints Parish Hall. The breakfast followed a communion service, and after it a meeting in Trinity Hall. As many would be at the breakfast there were quite a few helpers, but the only one I can recall is the late Mrs. Askey of most beloved memory. While there was no showing outwardly inwardly I was in a state of rapture. What a privilege and honor was mine to serve here. In my exalted state of mind I could have kissed the feet of all present for were these not Christ's Ambassadors and was this not next to doing something for the Master Himself?

What happened to change my outlook was the reading of the following when Canada was a FULL partner with Japan in that awful slaughter in China. It read:

Moved by the inhuman slaughter caused by Japanese aggression in China and by the knowledge that Canada is supplying a large amount of the war material to Japan, the following citizens wish to express their conviction that as far as Canada is concerned this immoral traffic should cease:

They, therefore call on the Canadian Government to **IMPLEMENT EXISTING LEGISLATION** and immediately place an embargo on all war material to Japan.

This resolution was drawn up by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. The late Jane Addams of Hull House Chicago fame had a prominent part in its formation. Copies were sent to every protestant minister in Winnipeg (there being no Roman Catholic member in the organization accounts for no Roman Catholic approach) to be given out the same Sunday.

As an Anglican, I was assigned to contact half the Anglican clergy of the City, among whom were two Archbishops, the presiding one and one retired, also the Dean of St. John's College. The response was practically nil and has been an enigma

to me for 26 years. Why did the church assume the attitude it did? A noticeable feature is that apparently not one moment's consideration was given to this all-important matter therefore there is but one inference to be drawn and that is that there is something in the rules of the church which prevents it from taking a stand against the war method.

The first person interviewed was naturally the head of the church the presiding Archbishop. On reading the resolution, there was an immediate no likewise with the retired Archbishop. The next approach was to the Dean of the College and he not being available right at the moment, his wife read it and immediately said 'I'll sign this' but she waited for her husband's appearance. On reading it he immediately said 'you'll excuse me Mrs. Green but I won't sign this'. Then his wife said 'well, I won't sign.'

I realize now what a poor 'approacher' I was for too late came the realization that my duty then was to ascertain the cause of these spontaneous refusals. They quite stunned me, put my brain into a kind of stupor. By this time it was pretty difficult to describe my feelings. Uppermost was the thought "am I really doing something wrong?"

In my dilemma something told me to go to a certain cleric, retired through failing strength but known as one who did his own thinking. So instead of having found out why the refusal of the three church dignitaries already visited, I went to him to find out. On presenting the resolution which was my approach as the quickest way to know why I had asked for the interview, I added 'I am not asking you to sign'. He read the card then looked at me quite sharply and said 'I'll sign this'. I told him His Grace would not sign, to which he said 'that makes no difference to me' and accordingly dashed off his signature. I thanked him, but stated that my reason in coming to him was to find out why the church was assuming the attitude it did, the evident sanctioning of the war method. However he confined himself to speaking for himself, but not for the church which I quite understood.

At this point my co-worker called me up and asked how I was getting along to which I was forced to reply I was not getting along at all to which she said that neither was she. Her first approach was to the clerk of her own church who, on reading the resolution said 'It is very dangerous to interfere with trade. She called his attention to the fact of this not being normal trade. 'I feel like leaving the church,' she retorted. Was this not a natural reaction?

While a good sized brochure could be written on this matter only one more incident will be given. A friend living in the vicinity of our cathedral asked if I could come and spend the weekend with her as she was to be alone. I thought how fine this would be as I could then be in the cathedral when this important notice is given out. (All resolutions were distributed to be announced on the same Sunday.) Before the service I had mentioned to a friend about the notice and she immediately said "that will interfere with employment." I asked if we wanted the kind of employment that resulted in the killing of our fellowmen.

Many notices were given out that morning, two particularly lengthy ones dealing with the Humane Society and the Red Cross, but no mention of our resolution. At the close of the service I remained to speak to the Rector and said, 'I belong to the organization that sent a notice for announcement' and he said, 'Oh yes I am taking that up tonight.' That he had the matter well at hand was shown by his saying, 'we send the material to slaughter the Chinese and today I asked for help to patch them up.' A few days later this clerk led in those beautiful noon-day prayers we have at our all-day Diocesan W.A. meetings and in his very fine brief address said that as Christians we should ALWAYS have the eye to see, the heart to feel and the hand to do. So again I approached him at the close of this noon-day service and told him how much I had enjoyed his fine discourse but could not help feeling how we as Christians had failed when we had the opportunity of showing the Chinese that we, as Christians, had the eye to see, the heart to feel and the hand to do.

Words without action are pure mockery, but how people love words and how these with a gift of the gab can tour the world and sway people with just words. Someone has said:

"The greatest of all preachers is the man who lives his
Creeds,
For to see the good in ACTION is what everybody
needs."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

This ends the relating of my work to the all important resolution, which started the crumbling of my church life. There was definitely something wrong: it was certain that every one of these church leaders would individually have gone to the help of a Chinese fellowman in distress: but as a body were prevented from doing anything to stop the inhuman slaughter.

For twenty-six years since then my question, "why this attitude?" remains unanswered. The most concrete statement to date has been from a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic. "The churches of today are seriously examining their consciences to see where they have failed to uphold the image of Christ. That image had most certainly not been upheld in the very regrettable case in question. When Christ was on earth he always showed compassion when occasion arose: but here the clerical body showed no compassion. An excuse has been attempted by a high cleric: authority that as the facts of all that might be underneath were not known, it was considered better to do nothing. Is such matter that involves the mass slaughter of our fellowmen to be dismissed thus lightly? Is it not the work of leaders to find out what is underneath it all, especially those leaders who would do, or should do, as Christ would have them do?"

What is the opinion now of Christianity by those of other religions? Their thinking was revealed when they spoke of the Christian religion as being the poorest in practice in calling us white devils, etc. In the meantime the general ignorance of so-called Christians is such as to bring them. In this mechanical and highly organized day the really Christian acts are so simple as to be regarded silly.

A thought which came to me some years ago, and remains with me, is this — If Jesus came to earth now he would pass unnoticed many things which we today think of as being the ones worthy of notice and conversely pay attention to what we consider not important. So much Christianity now is considered Christianity. An important point is how non-Christians

regard the Western world as being guilty of breaking the first commandment for they say (and can we deny it?) that we do worship a false god, one symbolized by an S with two lines running through it. Did this false god worship get an impetus during the reign of Edward VI about the middle of the fourteenth century when the following prayer was deleted from the Book of Common Prayer?

They that are enamored in the extreme poverty of things needful for the body cannot set their mind upon Thee O Lord as they ought to do but when they be disappointed of the things they so mightily desire their hearts are cast down and quail from excess of grief Have pity on them O merciful Father and relieve their misery from Thine incredible riches that by Thy removing of their urgent necessity they may rise up to Thee in mind Thou O Lord, provideest enough for all men with Thy most liberal and bountiful hand but whereas Thy gifts are a respect of Thy goodness and free favor made free to all men we (through our haughtiness and niggardship and distrust) do make them private and peculiar Correct Thou the things which our unquity hath put out of order let Thy goodness supply that which our niggardliness hath plucked away Give Thou meat to the hungry and drink to the thirsty comfort Thou the sorrowful cheer Thou the dismayed strengthen Thou the weak deliver them that are prisoners and give courage and hope to them that are out of heart

Following the financial crash of 1929 there were families here who had owned their homes and lived comfortably but suddenly found themselves bereft of all material things. More than one family has said that the first to make them feel their altered financial condition was the church.

The last step taken in my break from the church was that unholy dedication of the dagger in the early part of World War II. Herein Canada proclaimed the worship of the war god. Here and Canada a so-called Christian nation. An excerpt from a newspaper of the time reads:

Dagger Gleams At Dedication Ceremonial —

"The dagger, mounted on a spotlight, gleamed brightly as it was brought in on a Universal carrier. As a convoy for the carrier was a detachment of 150 officers and ratings of the R.C.N.V.R. . . . a bugle band, a squadron of air-cadets, a reconnaissance car, a scout car, and a truck with a battery of flood lights which lit up the parade as well as the ceremony."

The cleric taking part in the ritual which followed was an Anglican. No doubt different denominations took part in this terrible ceremony throughout Canada.

The following Sunday, (for although the Church started crumbling for me in 1937, Hypatia-like I still clung to the shell) I started for Holy Communion eight a.m. service. Walking along I began thinking how strange things were. The celebrant of Holy Communion that day was to be the one who had taken part in the ritual to the dagger. Within shadow of the church, I retraced my steps. From now on no more could I follow the church than could I have obeyed my parents had they commanded me to murder one of my fellowmen.

Believing fully as the late Lord Birkett of England said when addressing a meeting of the Bar Association in Toronto in 1937: "Gentlemen of the Bar, we look on murder as a crime, it is for us to look on war as wholesale murder," the die now was fully cast; thus was a most happy and joyous Church life terminated. Out of the wreckage all would have been desolation but for the comforting assurance that though earthly things may fail, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee" and with the coming of "the Peace that passeth all understanding" ALL IS WELL.

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